

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1887.

No. 4.

CHRISTIAN W. SLAGLE.



CHRISTIAN W. SLAGLE was born in the town of Washington, Pennsylvania, on the 17th day of November, 1821. He died in Fairfield, Iowa, on the 23d day of October, 1882. These two dates define the limits of a useful, forceful and successful life.

He was the eldest son of Jacob and Martha Slagle, and by them his early life was guided into those strong, self-reliant and practical lines of action which made him the strong man he was. His father and mother were honored in the life he lived; and no one who knew him intimately could fail to realize that the home in which he was reared belonged to a class of whose members no country can have too many. To know him well was evidence sufficient to compel the belief that his father was a good man and his mother a good woman.

The early years of his life were not more eventful than those of other boys in circumstances kindred to such as attended him. He received his education in his native town, and graduated from Washington College, in the class of 1840, at the age of nineteen. He graduated with honor, and so far as technical education could serve, he was well prepared to

enter upon the struggles involved in the active affairs of life, and which he sustained so well through all the years until death called him.

His first venture in the matter of effort to work his own way in the world's employments was that of teaching school in Accomac county, Virginia. He pursued that occupation in that locality for about one year. He was successful according to the measure of those times, but his purposes and aspirations inclined him to another field of endeavor. He had resolved on the profession of the law as his choice amongst the occupations of men. Consequently he returned to his native town, and entered as a student the law office of Hon. Thomas M. T. McKennon. This arrangement was fortunate for him; for it associated him with, and placed him under the instruction of, one of the noblest members of the legal profession our country has ever produced. It assured to him as great circumspection in his preparation for the duties of his chosen profession, as had been bestowed on him in other respects in the well ordered home he was soon and permanently to leave for that wider field in which he subsequently worked so long and so well.

Before Mr. Slagle's admission to the bar, which occurred in 1843, he had determined to leave his native state, and to associate himself and cast his fortunes with the people of the then territory of Iowa. But he was not to make the venture alone. George Acheson was to be his companion. The two young men had been intimate associates from childhood. Both had become members of the bar, and it was arranged between them that they would form a partnership, emigrate to Iowa, and embark together in the practice of their profession.

The journey to Iowa was entered upon in the early spring of 1843. It was not an unbroken term of comfort and pleasure. On the contrary, it was replete with the discomforts incident to the time of the year in which it was undertaken, and the then methods of travel. But as it had a beginning so it had an ending, and on the 23d day of April, 1843, the two



young men arrived in Fairfield, Iowa, full of courage, hope, and resolute purpose, and a few days thereafter a sign appeared on a frame building on the north side of the public square announcing the presence of the new law firm of "Slagle & Acheson." The firm thus announced continued for an unbroken term of thirty-eight years, when death summoned Mr. Acheson, and he obeyed.

On the 24th day of April, 1843, Mr. Slagle wrote a letter to his parents announcing his arrival at Fairfield, and giving an account of the journey just completed, from which the following extract is made, viz:

"If a minute description of our voyage would be at all entertaining, I might perhaps furnish it; but I am inclined to think that the picture would not do you more good than the reality did us. Suffice it, we have had a most tedious time. Instead of two we were six weeks on the way. We filled out our full forty days in the wilderness, and are now arrived in good health in the promised land. We have already experienced enough to have cooled a common ardor in the pursuit of western glory, and perhaps we would have been a little discouraged had it not been for our settled determination not to say die, while a vestige of hope remained. We will give a faithful trial and then if we fail, it will be dying gloriously with the wounds in our front."

Such was the spirit that presided over the new law firm of Slagle & Acheson in the little village of Fairfield, in the territory of Iowa, on the 24th day of April, 1843. It held undisputed sway during the entire unrolling of the twenty-eight years of the firm's continuance. The new firm was soon recognized as one of force, ability, honor and safety. In its methods there was great system. Each member of the firm had his assigned department of work to attend to. There was no waste of time or labor by duplication which so often occurs when exactness of system is absent. The two partners had full faith in each other. Neither was afraid that the other would neglect something. Each knew that the other was honest, and the trust of both was implicit. It may well be doubted whether any other two men ever were more perfectly organized for, and adapted to, partnership relations. They were as true to their clients as they were to themselves.

The community soon came to understand this, and the new firm began to reap its reward. Business came into it in constantly increasing volume, and success was assured. Nor did these conditions change during the thirty-eight years which measured the term of the firm's existence. It was always a strong firm in the character of its work and in the volume of its business, and it deserved it all.

Business success having been assured Mr. Slagle next gave himself to the founding of a home. On the 26th day of July, 1849, he was united in marriage with Nancy M. Seward, of Guilford, Connecticut. This marriage was a most fortunate one in every respect; and with it commenced the unfolding of one of the most admirable features of Mr. Slagle's life. His love of home and family was absorbing. No one could become intimate with him without soon feeling the influence of his intense devotion to his domestic relations and interests. He was content with his home, and gave it most affectionate care. But this did not make him regardless of the homes of others. Often would he give expression to the wish that all homes might be as happy as his own. This element of his character always impelled him to the support of such movements, political or social, as were calculated to maintain the moral standards of society, and promote happiness in the homes of the people. He believed in setting right example, and so he gave support to the church and was a regular attendant upon its services. He was a devoted friend of universal education, and worked and gathered in its field. He became convinced that the traffic in intoxicating liquors was detrimental to the best interests of society and destructive to the happiness of homes, and he espoused the cause of prohibition and gave most earnest support to the movements for its establishment. Whatever seemed to him to threaten the peace of homes, that he was against. Whatever promised to promote their happiness, that he was for.

There were born to Mr. and Mrs. Slagle three sons and three daughters. One son, Arthur B., died in infancy. The



other sons and the daughters still are living. The oldest daughter, Fannie, married Joseph P. Bingaman, and resides at Pittsburgh, Pa.; Virginia J. married Hon. James G. Berryhill, and resides at Des Moines, Iowa; Grace married Charles M. Junkin, one of the proprietors of the *Fairfield Ledger*, and resides in Fairfield at the family homestead, which is also occupied by the mother. Of the sons, Frank M., is engaged in extensive business at Alton, Iowa; and Walter S. is associated with him. The family circle that was so dear to Mr. Slagle, in the old homestead, is thus broken and scattered, but happiness attends all of the members thereof, though tempered by the shadow of the cloud which reminds them that the father has become an immortal.

Mr. Slagle did not attain great fame, and thereby become known throughout all this land. He did not fill great public offices, and through them impress himself on the legislative, executive or judicial movements of the state or nation. He did not amass great wealth with which to accomplish for the public good and the general welfare a number of most worthy purposes that he had in constant contemplation. But he did one thing which touched with positive effectiveness the fields occupied by the others indicated. He lived a life that was worth the living. It is about five years since he passed away from earth; but the effect of what he said and did remains in the community of which he was an useful and honored member, and will keep active the processes which induce desirable results through the long line of the future. This is better than fame, or public office, or great wealth. A man may secure all these, and still the world might be better than it is had he not lived. But the world is made better by every true life which takes its place in the march of the human race. Mr. Slagle was of that type of men who regard life as an encasement of duty. Nor did he wait for extraordinary or exceptional happenings to present opportunities for action. His rule of conduct and his philosophy of life rejected the idea of waiting for opportunities for action. He often said:

"No man need wait for opportunity to do something that ought to be done, such there are about us all the time, and we need but to open our eyes, and keep our thoughts in motion, to be apprised of more things that ought to be done than any of us can do."

This was no mere intellectual speculation with him. It was no mere high-sounding theory invented for parade and exhibition, but not for practice. It was a rule of action which guided his life and gave color and character to whatever he did. He believed that the little things of life were those which needed the greatest care and watchfulness. Things that many other men are apt to think are too insignificant to be taken into serious consideration, or fail to recognize as of sufficient importance to be entitled to even a passing thought, he often vitalized to most forceful purpose. It came to be a habit of mind with him to begin with the smallest components of whatever he had in charge, study their several relations, and thus become master of his subject. He once said:

"If a man points a gun at me with threat to take my life, and I know there is no cap on it, I am not afraid, even though I know the weapon is loaded, and have reason to believe that an enemy holds it. My knowledge of the absence of that little but most important thing is worth more than all the physical courage a man can possess."

This expression was characteristic of the man and his methods. It made him the forceful man he was, and superlatively enhanced his worth as a citizen; for it was not only in personal, private and business affairs that he applied his attention to so-called little things, but he carried the same methods into all of the duties and relations of citizenship. In this was centered his great value to his country, his state and to the local community in which he so long lived. He never saw a boy going wrong, contracting bad habits, or practicing idleness but his mind ran through the years of that boy's future, and calculated the chances of good or evil results involved therein. Hence he always gave his influence and liberally contributed pecuniary aid in support of such movements in the community as promised to induce the boys, youth and young men to form and follow right lines of life. "Herein,"



he said, "lies the public safety." And this trait in his character always constrained him to bestow most solicitous attention upon the educational interests of the state, and of the community in which he had his home. He was intensely devoted to the work of promoting the efficiency of our common school system, and he gave liberally of his means to such efforts as promised to usefully supplement its good effects on the young people of the city and county of his residence. He was an untiring worker in the establishment and development of the public library and museum, located in the city of Fairfield. The institution has grown into one of the most important and successful in the state, having now on its shelves more than 10,000 volumes of books, and in its cases over 6,000 specimens representing the various departments of science, and collected in all quarters of the world.

Mr. Slagle was one of the first trustees of the institution, and continued to act in that capacity until death closed his labors. He lived long enough after its founding to realize how great impression such an institution can make for good on the community in which it is located. This rejoiced him in great degree, for it constituted a marked exemplification of the correctness of his theory in respect to the effectiveness of detail work. But in this case, as in all others with which he was associated, he was not given to boasting of what he had done. Indeed he was rather inclined to give over credit to others for results accomplished, and thereby detract from his own proper and deserved share of the commendation accorded by the community. His sole aim seemed to be to render a service which should induce a public good. It was a pleasure to sit with him in leisure hours and talk over this unselfish side of life, and no one could depart from one of those occasions without feeling strengthened in right purposes.

The elements of character thus sketched were exemplified by Mr. Slagle in the several departments of his life's relations and activities. In his home, in his practice as a lawyer, in his general business affairs, in his conduct as a citizen, in his

political associations, in his private trusts and in his public duties they always appeared and he was always true to them. His home was happy and contentment abided within its walls. In the practice of his profession he was honorable. In his general business affairs, and he had many of them, he needed not to be watched. In his conduct as a citizen he ever consulted the public good. In his political associations he was ever guided by desire to promote the general welfare. In his private trusts he was faithful. In his public duties he was conscientious. These things necessarily resulted in a life worthy of emulation. Such was his life.

Political ambition as it is commonly regarded, did not enter into Mr. Slagle's life. He might have been elected by his fellow citizens to offices of high trust had he given encouragement to movements suggested to him in that regard. At different times his name was widely discussed in connection with the offices of governor of the state, representative in congress, judge of the district and circuit courts, and other positions of honor and responsibility, in which he would have rendered the best of public service and gathered honor to himself. But he seemed not inclined to enter upon the strife which so often confronts men at the threshold of such movements, and goes hand in hand with them to the end.

In 1856 there was a general desire expressed that he should become one of the district judges of the state, but he resisted the temptation, and in a letter to his father, dated January 21st, 1856, he wrote:

"You have doubtless heard of the appointment of a judge of our district, the place was conceded to me by the bar of the district; but upon reflection I concluded my better course would be to adhere to my old rule of resisting the fascination of office and plod along at the bar; and I think I shall not regret the course."

To this rule he held in all of the subsequent years of his life; as he never sought a nomination to any office, and never held one which carried him into partisan strife to obtain it. He was again tempted by the tender of a judicial position in



1880. The republican convention of the seventh judicial district held at Oskaloosa, tendered him the nomination of circuit judge. The nomination was made with most unqualified heartiness on the first ballot in which his name was used. But, though grateful for this manifestation of respect and confidence, he was constrained to put it aside, in obedience to that rule of his life to subordinate the promptings of ambition and opportunities for possessing official distinction to the demands of the duties and obligations that permeate the relations of private life. In his case these were numerous and varied, and had been from the early years of his residence in Fairfield on down to the date of his death. Whatever promised to promote the prosperity of the town and county, found in him a ready helper. All proper movements in the interests of education, moral conditions, financial affairs, and general business and substantial improvement, and which required associated effort relied upon his co-operation without doubt or question. As illustrative of this the following extract from an obituary notice that appeared in the *Fairfield Ledger*, in the issue of the week succeeding the death of Mr. Slagle will be serviceable:

"From the date of his settlement here the history of both Fairfield and Jefferson county abounds in mention of the name of Christian W. Slagle, and he has aided, more than any one else, perhaps, in collating and preserving the recollections of our pioneers. In the latter work he was engaged in the preparation of the history of the county published by our supervisors during the centennial year. Always a friend to his home town, we find him early actively engaged in measures which promised its progress and advancement. In 1849 we find him the active friend to the project of establishing in our city a branch of the State University which it was then proposed to organize. Local aid was given to this enterprise, and a building partially erected on the site of the old university, which was destroyed by a tornado. The state declined to extend the proper aid to the institution, and in 1853, by legislative enactment, the relations between the commonwealth and the university were dissolved, the school afterwards coming into notice as the Fairfield University. Before a railroad was built into Iowa, in 1848, we find him a firm friend to this new help to progress and prosperity, and a member of a committee to memorialize congress for a grant of land for railroad purposes. When the old B. & M. railroad was projected he was one of the firm and best friends of the enterprise, and expressed his gratification over the completion of the line to this city at the

celebration held in 1858. Again, in 1870, we find him laboring for the Chicago and Southwestern enterprise, and in that project, too, he was one of the leading spirits. These two companies Mr. Slagle's firm represented as solicitors, until the present time. He was also a friend of every railroad enterprise which has engaged the attention of the city and county. All Fairfield to-day points with pride to its magnificent public library, whose fame has spread throughout our state and even beyond its borders. In this enterprise Mr. Slagle always manifested the most intense interest, and was one of its warmest supporters through all his life. He was present at the inception of this institution, for many years was one of its managing directors, and held that position and the treasurership at the time of his death. Much of its prosperity and value is due to his kindly feeling and fostering care. The warm interest he always manifested towards education brought him early to the front in this work. In 1859, when the independent school district of Fairfield was organized, he was a member of the board of directors, and aided in giving us our first graded schools. He was also a member of the school board in 1863, and it was on his motion that the two-mill tax was levied with which to begin the erection of our union school building of to-day. He was also one of the founders of the Jefferson County Agricultural Society, and at the meeting of the society, October 15th, 1853, introduced the resolution which led to the organization of the State Society—the State Fair of to-day—and was one of its first officers and corresponding secretary. He was one of the original stockholders of the First National Bank, for years one of its directors, and vice-president at his death. He was for many years a trustee of the Congregational church, was one of the founders of the Jefferson County Coal Company, a leading stockholder in the Fairfield Gas Company, and a generous friend of almost every enterprise which gave evidence of good for our town. A persistent advocate of higher education, in 1868 he was chosen a member of the Board of Regents of the State University, and was re-elected to that place until 1882. He was one of the earnest laborers in the cause of Parsons College, and was a trustee of that institution for several years, and latterly, as president of the executive committee, had much to do with the excellent work of that young institution."

The great value of such a man to any community can not be overestimated.

In political belief and association Mr. Slagle was first a whig, subsequently, and to the date of his death, a republican. His political convictions were earnest and clear. But, as has already been shown, not for personal gain or advancement. No man ever attended to the proper political duties of the citizen with more earnest circumspection than did he. He carried into this field of duty the same regard for detail action that he applied to all others. He acted in politics for public results, and not for personal purposes. He was earnest in



promoting the movement for the establishment and domination of the anti-slavery sentiment which, but a seeming short time ago occupied so largely and almost exclusively, the field of national and state politics. He firmly believed in the doctrine of the equality of men, and earnestly heeded the drift of the elections in that respect. The following extract from a letter to his father, dated October 30th, 1868, is a forceful illustration of this fact:

"You have had greater excitement in your state in the canvass than we have had. Ours has not been great. The reason of course is manifest. We have all felt that the issue was to be decided in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana; and I have full confidence that it was so decided at your state elections. The result gave us great joy out west. We hope you have not abated your zeal or labors for the closing contest on Tuesday next, and we of old Washington will be made delighted if our old county and home will on that day array herself on the side of victory for the right. In our state we shall be disappointed if our majority falls under 40,000, and for negro suffrage we will give a majority sufficient to show how easily an intelligent people can conquer their prejudices."

When the war of the rebellion occurred he needed no time for reflection to determine his course of action. He at once and resolutely pronounced for the extermination of the treason which assaulted the unity of the nation without compromise or conditions. He could not enter the military service of his country, because of defective vision; but he did all else that an earnest and unselfish patriot could do. And during all the years of the war he was conspicuous in his works and gifts in support of those who did what, for the reason stated, he could not do—join the army.

As has already been stated Mr. Slagle was a member of the Board of Regents of the State University from 1868 until the time of his death. In 1877, Dr. Thatcher, the president of the institution, resigned the office, and the board at once, and unanimously tendered the position to Mr. Slagle. He at first declined to accept the position; but the importunities of his associates on the board and the pressing needs of the institution finally induced him to accept the trust for the university year of 1877-8. This was a sacrifice of personal

interest to public duty characteristic of the man. Indeed it was more than should have been exacted of him; for his burdens were at the time as great as he could sustain. The then recent death of his partner, Mr. Acheson, had cast on him great additional work and care in his professional business. But unselfishly in this, as in all other tests where the public interests were involved, he accepted the additional strain upon his endurance. It is believed that in this instance he did more than his duty, and that the severity of the additional strain imposed on him was no inconsiderable factor in shortening the term of his life. But he took up his burden like a moral hero, and performed his allotted task well. Practical in all other things he was equally so in his new position, and started out with a policy of his own at once. This he outlined in a letter to Prof. E. Baker, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, of date August 1st, 1877, which was as follows:

"At the late annual meeting of the Regents of the State University, by an unlooked for turn of affairs, the temporary presidency of the institution devolved on me.

"I do not expect to continue long in the place; for the habits of my life have not fitted me for the position, and I hope we shall soon find a proper man for it.

"I have been endeavoring as best I could and can since being elected to the place, to look after the duties of the position, and it has seemed to me that during the vacation it might be well to get the subject of the University before the teachers of our state. As a regent of the institution one of my hopes has always been that some plan by which the public school system of our state and the University should be made to work together, and thus have a complete educational system worthy of Iowa.

"To call the attention of the teachers to the institution I have prepared a circular, one of which I send you and propose to send a package of them to each county in the state when the normal institutes are being held.

"Your work is especially amongst the teachers, and I request that as you have opportunity you will bring the subject of the University to their attention. I am confident the work being done there will bear examination; and I should like it could get hold of the hearts of our people and do the work for the state as is done in Michigan.

"Should the circulars I have sent you come under your notice as you are amongst the institutes, will you please see that they reach the teachers and others who may visit the institutes. And I shall also be pleased if you can find time to write me such suggestions as you may think useful in the line of the work I have in hand. While I have it to do I want to do the best I can."



This is but cumulative evidence of Mr. Slagle's habit of constant reliance on detail work for inducing results he deemed desirable. The idea he projected in his circular of co-operation in our educational system is forceful and practical, as was his method for effecting it.

The biennial report made by Mr. Slagle as president *pro tempore* of the State University to the governor of the state on September 15th, 1877, clearly shows how fully and clearly he grasped the interests of the institution. It is one of the most comprehensive and exhaustive that has ever been submitted. It is conspicuous proof of his habit to deal with and master details. It is a credit to him in every regard, and a mine of information in respect to the State University. But it is not an exception in the respect mentioned in the character of the work done by him.

In 1881 Mr. Slagle was invited to deliver an address at a meeting of the old settlers of Polk county, Iowa. The subject assigned to him for treatment in his address was "The Schools of Iowa." He performed his task on that occasion by the delivery of an address of exceptionally interesting character. He reviewed all of the legislation concerning schools in Iowa from the first act passed by the territorial legislature in 1839, to the latest one enacted by the general assembly of the state. He also presented a synopsis of the official expressions of the territorial and state governors of Iowa and of the superintendents of public instruction relative to our schools and educational interests. This data was all put to forceful use in all of its relations to the development of Iowa and the progress of its educational system. A perusal of that address is proof sufficient of Mr. Slagle's thorough acquaintance with every phase of our educational system, interest and progress. It is an address well worthy of a place in the permanent publications of our state relating to the subject of education. One of the facts cited by him may well be here reproduced by way of contrast between early Iowa days and education and the conditions now existing. He said:

"I open the first statute of our legislature, and as a New Year's gift to the people I find approved January 1st, 1839, 'an act providing for the establishment of public schools.' It was crude to be sure, but it was open and free for every class of white citizens between the ages of four and twenty-one years; and persons over twenty-one years could be admitted to the schools on special terms. In section 12 of the act it is provided that the authorities should levy a tax for the support of its schools, to be paid in cash or *good merchantable produce at cash price*, on the inhabitants of the several districts, not exceeding one-half per centum, nor amounting to more than ten dollars on any one person. I doubt if the heroism of this *good merchantable produce at cash price* clause, has been equaled by any of the legislation that has occurred in behalf of our schools from that day down to this year of grace, 1881. And you residents of the marble fronts of the present day can not appreciate the grim sacrifice of that time which made such a clause a necessity."

Such was the beginning of the superb educational system which blesses Iowa to-day. But the contrast in this respect is not greater than that which attends each and every other condition existing in the state.

As a public speaker Mr. Slagle was forceful and conscientious. He rarely addressed audiences without more or less definite preparation. Hence he was always instructive. He performed this character of work just as he did all others. He believed in the doctrine that "whatever is worth doing at all should be well done." And with him this was not merely a belief but also a practice.

The writer of this sketch became acquainted with Mr. Slagle in May, 1853. Mr. Slagle had then been established in the practice of law at Fairfield, ten years. The writer had just arrived in that city with intent to engage in the pursuit of the same profession, and Mr. Slagle was the first lawyer in the place whose acquaintance he made. The first impression was favorable and it never changed. He was a manly man under all circumstances and in all relations. No community or state can have too many such men as he was. The death of every such an one is a positive loss to society, using the term in its broadest sense. No limited sketch like this can do justice to the memory of a man like Christian W. Slagle. It would require a volume of hundreds of pages to embrace what ought to be said of him. No death out of the writer's



own family circle ever touched him more keenly than that of the man to whose excellent qualities of head and heart these lines bear witness. The years that have passed since he was called by death have not modified this feeling.

JAMES F. WILSON.

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## THE BATTLE OF IUKA.

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IN the month of September, 1862, the rebel army under General Bragg and the Union army under General Buell were having a race northward for the Ohio river.

Lee had whipped Pope in Virginia, and now the rebel army under Price and Van Dorn hoped to destroy Gen. Grant at or near Corinth, or else flank him and march their forces to the rear of Buell on his race with Bragg.

The advantages of early victories to the Union had about been lost by the dispersion, by Gen. Halleck, of our great western army after the siege of Corinth. An army of one hundred and seventy-three thousand well-equipped soldiers, capable in a body of marching anywhere in rebeldom, was scattered to the four points of the compass. Gen. Halleck went to Washington as Commander-in-chief, and left Gen. Grant with less than forty thousand men to defend western Tennessee, northern Mississippi, two hundred miles of railroad, and the rear of Buell's army. Gen. Grant's line thus had to reach from Florence, on the Tennessee, to Memphis, on the Mississippi. His army fronted to the southwest with Sherman holding his extreme right at Memphis, and Rosecrans his left near Corinth and the Tennessee. It was a front line, a hundred and fifty miles long to guard, besides a supply line to keep open clear north to Cairo.

In front of Grant's lines, at Tupelo and Holly Springs, and not fifty miles away, lay the rebel armies of Price and Van Dorn, prepared to pounce upon detached portions of Grant's

army and destroy them, or flank him and get north. It was a gloomy period for the country. Many loyal people, in the time before that battle of September, 1862, believed the Union to be lost. Only the faith of the patient President remained supreme. He saw God's hand helping where the courage of men faltered.

To have crushed Grant's lines at that time would have brought about a disgraceful ending of the war. The rebel leaders saw their opportunity, and Price and Van Dorn moved out their columns for the attack. Price moved up to Grant's left flank at Iuka, hoping to crush him there, and then follow him and Buell north, or else hurry back to Rienzi, join Van Dorn's column there, and make a combined attack on Corinth.

Documents show that Price was not quite determined as to what he should do on September 13th, the day he drove the little Union garrison out of Iuka.

Grant and Rosecrans had been watching him closer than he knew, and his every movement was reported immediately by energetic union scouts. In marching into Iuka with a river east of him, and Union columns west and north of him, he did not realize the sort of a net he was entering. In fact, Gen. Price did not even know of the position of the Union forces. Rosecrans and Grant saw the position Price was in, and marched with a view to capturing his army.

Some unexpected delay of Rosecrans's division, and an unlucky wind that prevented Grant hearing the signal guns of Rosecrans, interfered with a well laid plan. Price ought to have been captured.

Grant, whose headquarters were at Jackson, pushed a column of eight thousand men under Ord out in front of the little village of Burnsville, seven miles northwest of Iuka, with orders to attack Price the moment he should hear the guns of Rosecrans, who was marching from Jacinto to attack the rebels from the west and south. Grant accompanied Ord's column in person, making his headquarters at Burnsville. Ord



was in position on the 18th, between Burnsville and Iuka, ready to attack at daybreak of the 19th. Unexpectedly on that day a courier from Rosecrans brought news of some delay occurring to one of his divisions. He could not be up to attack on the west before 2 P. M. of the morrow. So Grant who was near Ord's column, ordered his troops to bivouac and wait.

From early daylight of the 19th, Rosecrans's forces marched for Iuka, and at two in the afternoon suddenly ran into the enemy's pickets a few miles out of town. The Fifth Iowa Infantry was in advance. In five minutes, skirmish lines were formed, and the men of Iowa were forcing back the rebel veterans of Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi. Six Iowa regiments, the 2d, 5th, 10th, 16th, and 17th infantry, and 2d cavalry, took part in the battle that raged till dark of that afternoon.

It was one of the battles that made Iowa famous in the annals of the war.

Rosecrans's force consisted of Hamilton's and Stanley's divisions, with some cavalry of the 2d Iowa, 3d Michigan and 7th Kansas. Hamilton was in the front at noon, and remained in the front through the battle. Unfortunately, a dense wood, with swamps, and without a road of any kind, lay between the forces of Rosecrans and Grant, making any communication whatever impossible, except by a circuitous route of some twenty miles, ridden by couriers. In fact, a column would have had to march back nearly to Jacinto to reach Grant from Rosecrans, or Rosecrans from Grant. This was one of the fatalities of the position, not made use of either by the rebel commander. His army lay in front of Ord's column, north of the town. Had he been aware of the real situation, he might have overwhelmed Ord, and by a quick move hurried south of the town, and destroyed Rosecrans. He had double the troops of either of them.

Learning of Rosecrans's approach up the Bay Springs road he simply divided his force in front of Ord, and sent half of

it to attack the new enemy. Then was Ord's chance, alike unseen by him, or Grant. Of course, Grant, with Ord, was waiting to hear the sound of Rosecrans's cannon. That sound never reached him. An unlucky wind kept him and Ord and his whole army resting in complete ignorance of a severe battle raging within a dozen miles of them—a battle in which their comrades were being slaughtered for want of help so near—a battle where was wasted one of the opportunities of the war.

Slowly the rebel skirmish line in front of Rosecrans was driven back and back that afternoon. The first Federal killed was a brilliant young officer of Hamilton's staff. The deployed line of the 5th Iowa kept on its march through the woods for miles, still skirmishing. Here and there a wounded man fell to the rear, and here and there lay the body of some dead rebel, whose blood added crimson to the beautiful autumn leaves. The woods and the day seemed too beautiful for war.

By half past four o'clock our troops marching in column, close behind the advancing skirmishers, came to a little country church at the fork of the road, and here halted a little as if to listen, and for breath. We were only two miles from Iuka. Rosecrans rode up to the front, put his hand to his ear, and listened, hoping for the sound of battle to the north of town. No signs of Ord were noticeable. Again our little line moved quietly forward, and in a few minutes we were greeted with a blast of musketry. Instantly the 5th Iowa was thrown across the road in line of battle, and a battery, the 11th Ohio, was placed in position on its left. After all, the enemy, not we, were making the attack. In five minutes, one of his batteries was hurling grape and canister through the trees above our heads. "They are flanking you on the right," cried an excited officer, running back from the skirmish line to Col. Matthias of the 5th.

"Vell, I sees about dat," said our good and brave old German colonel. "I sees." A glance over the ground, and our regiment is wheeled and faced nearly to the north. To the

left of the Ohio battery, which unlimbered at the roadside by us, and which we proposed protecting, stood in line the 48th Indiana infantry, and to the left of it the 4th Minnesota. On the right of all was our own 5th Iowa. This was our line of battle. Not one of us had ever been in real conflict before. We fixed our sword-bayonets on our good Whitney rifles, and sat down in line to wait the coming foe. The woods and the hill sloping down from our front almost hid us from view. Shortly, we knew the moment of fierce trial was at hand, for we heard the lines of the enemy advancing toward us. We heard the commands of their officers, "Steady, boys, steady! Back in the center; steady; slow!" Those were awful moments, waiting that advance. Nearer they come; we hear their very tramp—and then, there rings out on the air, so that even they hear it, the voice of our own commander, "Attention, battalion!" We spring to our feet and grasp our rifles. "Ready, aim, fire!" and a sheet of deadly flame flashes to the faces of the foe, not fifty steps away. Instantly they reply, and the battle is begun.

From left to right and right to left goes the crash of musketry along our lines. In a minute, every man is conducting war on his own method, by loading and firing as fast as he can. No orders can be heard—none are given. It is simply fire and load, load and fire, and never yield your ground.

We have in heart the men of Wilson's Creek. We'll be as brave as they. We think of Iowa. She shall not be dishonored; rather every man at Iuka die than that. What if we are outnumbered? It is death for them to hurry on these swords of ours. These Whitney rifles carry the messages of fate to all in front. The rebels find that out—the Texans, the Louisianians, the Mississippians, veterans of bloody fields find that out, and falter in the blast—falter, but only to catch new courage, and charge again. Our own men are falling all about us. Our mess-mates, our bunk-mates of the morning, dead and torn and bleeding, drop unheeded



beside us. There is no time for heeding. Their blood crimson the grass and the leaves as they lie there, but their groans are unheard in the crash of the guns. Poor Shelley, of Jasper, fell first, and then another and another, till their falling is not noticed. We only close up, touch elbows, and with grim faces fire and fire until we too shall drop in the leaves and the blood of that afternoon. There is no one to carry us to the rear. Burning heads and crushed bones must only wait. No man can be spared for helping wounded now. Even the wounded who can stand up at all, stay on the line and tear cartridges for their firing comrades. Every man seems to feel that the fate of the battle and the honor of Iowa is in his single hands, and spite of repeated assaults and terrific charges, no man of the 5th Iowa leaves that burning line, or yields one foot of ground.

"Don't yield that ground! Keep your position at every hazard!" cries a staff officer from Rosecrans to our good colonel. "Dats just vot I calculate to do," is the answer, and the firing and the charging and the deafening roar of the battle go on for an hour and a half. And what an hour and a half! with the lines thinning, the men falling, the cannon crashing. The Blue and the Gray never, in all the bloody war, had a contest more bitter, where lines of musketry stood up within fifty yards of each other and poured a constant flame of battle in each other's faces. Charge is met by counter-charge. We hear a yell. "They are coming on us, on the run!"

"Charge, double-quick, charge!" cries our colonel.

Down go our bayonets — forward, with a cheer, and we drive the rebels in retreat. It is only for a moment. Our battery at our side is pouring into them double shots of canister.

In a slight depression, hidden at the front, the rebel ranks re-form, and in double lines charge the battery. Still it vomits its bags of shot and canister into the coming line. On they come, spite of the death-dealing missiles. Every horse

and almost every man at the battery is shot down, as the enemy swarms over the guns, and for a moment captures them.

A sudden move of four companies of the 26th Missouri, to the left of the 5th Iowa, and right behind the captured battery, drives the rebels from the guns. Their charge, except to silence the guns, has been in vain. They have managed to carry back but a single gun with them. The 26th Missouri has saved most of the battery, disabled though it is, and prevented the rebels from cutting our line in two and getting in behind the 5th.

While this charging and storming is going on at the right, a terrific assault is being made on the left of the Union battery. The assault, a terrible one, is checked for a moment under an awful fire from the 16th Iowa and 48th Indiana, but re-enforced, storms on, and partially succeeds. For a short distance the 48th Indiana and its support, the 16th Iowa, fall back, but still fight on. Col. Chambers of the 16th is badly wounded, and some seventy of the regiment are killed, wounded and missing.

"In the storm of grape, canister and musketry, the 16th Iowa stood like a rock," said Rosecrans in his report.

Adjutant Lawrence, a gallant officer, was killed. Captain Palmer and Lieutenants Alcorn, Williams and Lucas were all wounded. Captain Smith, of Company A, and Captain Fraser, of Company B, were both mentioned for special gallantry. The Colonel, after his severe wound, was captured, but afterward left on the battle-field. The 4th Minnesota has also been overwhelmed and falls back a little, but from its new position fights on bravely. The situation for the regiments farthest at the front, is a desperate one. In the words of the brigade commander, "There was no alternative but for the battery, the 5th Iowa, and the four companies of the 26th Missouri to fight the battle out; and nobly did they do it." Not a battery in all the war held out better than did the 11th Ohio under Lieutenant Sears at Iuka.

Spite of the re-enforcements to the enemy, and spite of renewed charges, the 5th Iowa preserves every inch of its battle line. A full regiment of Alabamians is brought fresh on the field to charge the position of the 5th, but is hurled back as the others have been. A hand to hand encounter, one of the few of the war, ensues. A big, red-shirted Alabamian breaks through our ranks, attempts to seize the colors of the 5th, and is bayoneted. At the range of but a few feet, the lines fire volleys in each other's faces. Then the Alabamians fall back and continue the fire from the little ridge in front.

So the regiment fought until the sun went down and darkness settled on the battle-field, when, with ammunition boxes empty, and more than half of its number killed or wounded, it was replaced by the 11th Missouri, which had now come up to its support, and which fought till dark with the greatest valor on the ground the 5th had stood on.

Meanwhile, across the road, and on the left of our line, the rebels are also charging. But the 10th Iowa, and the 12th Wisconsin battery happen to be posted at right angles to, and a little in advance of our line, and as two Mississippi regiments charge on the 4th Minnesota, they receive a raking flank fire from the 10th Iowa and the battery, that stretches forty of them on the field in almost as many seconds. General Little, their commander, has just been killed, and the Mississippians leave the field in disorder. Night has closed the battle, and Price's army prepares to bury its dead and retreat before daylight of the morrow. In a few days he will join Van Dorn, and the two will march on Corinth, to meet further disaster.

All that night the Union surgeons, among whom was Surgeon F. Lloyd, of Iowa City, and their assistants, carrying candles, might have been seen attending to the wounded and the dying. The field hospital and the yards about were filled with them, while many still lay in their agony where they fell in the afternoon. The sorrow of the tragedy was upon the scene.



"In the hush of that night," writes a participant, "as the prayers of mothers, brothers, sisters and fathers were going up to Heaven from far-away homes, for the dear ones who had gone to battle for their country, the spirits of these brave ones for whom they prayed, mingling with their ascending prayers, took their flight from friends and earthly scenes forever. The smoke of the battle was the smoke of the evening sacrifice ascending from the altar of our country, upon which our dearest friends were the willing victims."

The burden of the fight had been borne mostly by one small brigade of twenty-eight hundred men. The Union loss was 144 killed, 598 wounded, and forty missing, probably dead. The 5th Iowa lost the most of any regiment engaged. *Two hundred and seventeen* of the four hundred and eighty-two engaged were killed or wounded, among them fifteen officers. This was an appalling loss. Lieutenants Shawl and Holcomb were both killed, while Captains Albaugh and Brown, with Lieutenants Patterson, Casad, Mateer, Ellis, Page, Jarvis, Lewis, Pangborn, Sample, Huber and Colton were wounded; Mateer, mortally.

The rebel loss fell little less than 1,700 in killed, wounded and missing. Two hundred and sixty-five of his dead were left in the Union hands, while 120 men died in Iuka after his retreat. Three hundred and seventy-one of his wounded were also left in Iuka. Three hundred and sixty-one prisoners were taken from him, and Price states in his report that "many of the wounded were safely brought away." They had fought in the battle in double line, thus accounting for many dead or wounded. In one spot, covered by a tarpaulin, we found 162 rebel corpses laid in a row for burial; in another spot, 19.

Our own dead were from among the best in any land — men of intelligence and character, rich and poor, who had left happy homes to die in defense of principle and country. Many towns and counties were put in mourning by the dreadful list of killed.

Of the 782 lost in battle, 693 were of Hamilton's division—608 of these in Sanborn's single brigade. Of these, 217 fell in the 5th Iowa. There were few battles in the war where so many fell in proportion to the number engaged. Many of the veteran rebels have since pronounced Iuka the hardest fight they were in during the war.

"It was the hardest fought battle I have ever witnessed," wrote Gen. Price, and the rebel general, Maury, pronounced it "one of the fiercest and bloodiest combats of the war."

"The battle was fought along the road," writes Gen. Hamilton, "by the 5th Iowa, the 26th Missouri, and the 11th Missouri and the battery, with a bravery that scarcely permits parallel."

That night, the fame and the glory of the 5th Iowa were made, and its survivors of Iuka kept the record untarnished in later battles of the war.

NOTE—Rosecrans got a star for Iuka, but Gen. Grant reported officially that a part of Hamilton's division, including the Iowa regiments, did all the fighting, directed wholly by Hamilton in person. "I commend Hamilton to the President," wrote Gen. Grant. Rosecrans had twenty regiments and thirty cannon near the field, and yet allowed three or four regiments to do all the fighting, and left open the only single road by which Price could escape. Stars were easily earned in those days. Hamilton's men won a victory that day that afterward made the capture of Vicksburg a possibility. It left Grant's hands free to act in Mississippi, and Iowa valor on that Iuka field saved a national disgrace. The awful list of dead and wounded showed that Iowa men held the post of danger and of honor. Owing to its position, as well as its heroic fighting, the 5th Iowa bore off the greatest meed of honor from Iuka, but the other Iowa regiments engaged had shortly the opportunity to win as great honor on other bloody fields.

S. H. M. BYERS.

## GENOA INDIAN SCHOOL



AS built from forty to fifty years ago for the use of the Pawnees. At that time it was no uncommon thing to hear the régulation war-whoop round the building as the Pawnees travelled over the country dressed in their war-paint, for frequent skirmishes with the Sioux, or for the matron to have two or three of her boys brought into the school wounded or dead, shot from behind the barn. After this time the building fell into disuse for years or was rented to any one who would live in it, till 1884, when the building was considerably enlarged and Colonel Lappan authorized to re-open it as an Indian school. He gathered about sixty children (mostly Sioux) from the Rosebud, Yankton, and Pine Ridge reservations, and remained in charge of the school as superintendent until the change of administration removed him and put Mr. Horace Chase in his place. The school then numbered one hundred and fifty boys and girls from the Sioux, Omaha, Winnebago, Arickaree, and Arapahoe tribes, and as they all talked in their own language, as well as English, pure, and broken, you could climb to the cupola of the building and fancy you were helping construct the "tower of Babel."

Considering the number of tribes represented, they are a very peaceable little world, easily governed, fairly quick to learn, and responding to kind treatment and trust like any other child. They do all the work of the school under department directors, working half the time and studying the rest, excepting; of course, their play hours. The boys cultivate three hundred acres of land, but as they are hardly even as fond of work as the average white boy, the farmer has to use tact as well as authority to accomplish the necessary amount of work; they also learn carpentering, shoe-making, harness-making, and blacksmithing. The older boys have a brass band of fourteen instruments, and by hard practice have become quite accomplished in the use of them, and in full



uniform are a conspicuous feature of the various neighborhood and county entertainments, even going as far as Lincoln to fulfil engagements. They are very fond of music, and spend whole evenings standing round the organ singing, everything from the "Gospel Hymns" to "Jingle Bells" and "Home, Sweet Home."

There are twice as many boys in the school as girls, as, after girls are twelve years old, it is almost impossible to get them from the reservation. They are then marketable property, and the "paternal warrior" looks with pride upon his dark-eyed daughter and wonders how many "ponies" she is "good for." The poor child, instead of being in school where she should, is waiting till some young "brave" falls a victim to her charms; when he steals up to the paternal abode and ties a pony to the nearest tree, the father smokes a meditative pipe over the probable depth of the young man's attachment (or his pocket if he should happen to bear a pocket), and if he thinks he will give more than one pony, leaves it standing there, then the anxious-to-be son-in-law knows that he must take it to some other market or bring more ponies before he can claim his bride. Many of the girls who come to the school are half white, whose fathers, though they live on the reserve under the title of "Squaw Men," still are white, and do not sell their children. The girls do all the work of the building, and are changed from one kind of work to another every month, so, though they study half the time, become quite proficient in all the different departments, but it is almost impossible to teach them the routine of work as they would do it in homes of their own, because everything is done on such a large scale that it would require considerable natural adaptability to utilize it in a small home, and the children have very little ingenuity and have to be taught everything just as you want it done. Two or three cottages where the girls could take turns "keeping house" and learn to make less than two hundred loaves of bread at a time would be invaluable, or what would be better still and almost a necessity to

the success of the school training for the girls, a place to graduate them to. It is nonsense to think that three or four years in any school is going to eradicate the vice of generations. To send them back to the reservation from school is like pulling them out of a mud-hole, washing them clean, and sticking them back. They want years of constant association with white people, after they leave school, to teach them to live white.

If an "Indian intelligence office" could be organized by some one who would take an interest in the girls and find them good places to work and earn what they spend, instead of receiving it from the government as rations, where they could be watched over a little until they become more self-dependent, they would prove themselves capable assistants, and the weary house-keeper would sigh a sigh of restful satisfaction, as she said to herself, now, "No Irish need apply." The girls, some of them, feel this themselves, and would be glad to work among white people, for few that go back to their people are strong enough to raise them, and instead, after trying for a little while to do as they have been taught they should, do sink back to the level of their surroundings all for the want of a little help just when it is needed.

JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE MAYO.

Alta, Illinois, August, 1887.

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## RT. REV. DR. MATHIAS LORAS

### THE PIONEER BISHOP IN IOWA.

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AMONG the pioneers who deserve favorable mention in the annals of the state, is the Right Rev. Bishop Loras, who, in 1837, was placed at the head of the Catholic Church in the territory comprised between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and Missouri and the British Provinces. From the time of his arrival in 1839, until

his death in 1858, he labored indefatigably for the spiritual and temporal advancement of the people entrusted to his care, and at all times manifested a great interest in the progress of his state and his city. He was also signally qualified for a pioneer in his responsible position, and whether we study his life as that of the zealous missionary, the pious priest, the prudent bishop, or the successful administrator of temporal affairs, our admiration and veneration for him is gained in a high degree.

Loras was born August 30th, 1792, at Lyons, France, in the turbulent days of the Revolution, to which his father fell a victim. His parents were distinguished in society for their charity, learning, and refinement, as well as independence of resources. His early days were spent at Lyons in an exemplary manner. He secured an excellent education, was ordained to the priesthood in 1817, and having devoted a few years to his sacred calling in France, in 1829 he accompanied Bishop Portier as a missionary for the diocese of Mobile in Alabama, where he was appointed Vicar General of the diocese, Pastor of the cathedral, also frequently visiting different missions and devoting some time to the education of seminarists in Spring Hill College. As a pioneer priest of the new diocese of Mobile, he very much endeared himself to the people of that country, and gained an experience invaluable for him when seven years later he received the appointment as Bishop of Dubuque.

Having been consecrated December 10th, 1837, at Mobile, he proceeded to France for the purpose of securing assistance for building up the vast new territory placed under his charge, and returning with two priests, four seminarists, and some resources, he arrived at Dubuque on the 19th day of April, 1839. The two priests were Revs. Joseph Cretin and J. A. M. Pelamourgues; the seminarists were Augustin Ravoux, Lucien Galtier, Remigius Petiot, and James Causse.

Upon his arrival at Dubuque he found only one priest in charge of the entire region which now comprises Iowa, Min-



nesota, part of Wisconsin, and part of Illinois, namely the Very Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli, who had received his appointment to this charge in the summer of 1835 from the bishop of St. Louis, and who had built churches at Dubuque, Davenport, Galena, and several other places in Wisconsin. The only Catholic churches then existing in the present state of Iowa were St. Raphael's Cathedral of Dubuque, built of stone, 78 feet by 40 feet in size, on a site directly south of the present cathedral; St. Anthony's Church at Davenport, built in 1838, 40 feet by 25 feet in size and two story, with the first brick manufactured in the town; and St. James Church, a small log chapel, built in 1838, at Sugar Creek, on the farm of Henry Holtkamp, in Marion Township, Lee County; besides an Indian mission commenced in 1838 at Council Bluffs, under the jurisdiction of St. Louis.

The total number of Catholics in Dubuque in 1837 was estimated at 800, and in 1839 did not vary much from that figure, and in the entire state was probably twice that number.

Bishop Loras was solemnly installed in his cathedral on Sunday, the 21st of April, 1839, with the assistance of his three priests and a vast concourse of people. His advent was hailed with unbounded enthusiasm by Protestants as well as Catholics, and with the quiet dignity of his speech, the simplicity and beauty of his diction and the eloquent charity of his countenance, all were carried away.

Without delay he took up the task of his life, the building up of a diocese. In the same summer he built the episcopal residence, which is still in existence, near the old cathedral, arranging the structure so as to form at the same time a college for the education of his seminarians. The arrangements for this structure were speedily completed, and episcopal visitations were then made to other parts of his diocese, to Davenport in May, and in June to St. Peters, in Minnesota, in July to Prairie du Chien; in these visitations he displayed the greatest vigilance in ministering to the spiritual wants of the people with preaching, instructions, the holy sacraments

and prayer, nor did he neglect to establish churches at all feasible points. As he commenced this portion of his duty, so do we find him persevering faithfully in it every year of his life. He was untiring in making visitations to all portions of his extensive diocese, not satisfied only with seeing the incipient cities and most prominent localities, but also extending them to the unsettled prairies of the interior, and everywhere establishing churches and schools and assisting the new settlements materially with funds which he obtained from France. By continuing this active interest in the growth of his church, he was instrumental in establishing many churches in the thirty years of his episcopacy. Prominent amongst these were Burlington in 1839; Maquoketa, Iowa City, Dewitt and Ft. Madison in 1840; Ft. Atkinson, Muscatine, Bellevue, West Point, Rockingham and other places in 1841 and 1842; Keokuk, Charleston, Farmington and Holy Cross in 1843 and 1844; and, besides many places of lesser note, Ottumwa in 1849, Council Bluffs in 1850, Des Moines in 1852, Ft. Dodge in 1856, New Vienna in 1846; he allowed no opportunity of building a church to pass by unimproved.

The people who came to settle in Iowa during his time had in their number many immigrants from Ireland and Germany. Whenever he found a people coming who would become useful citizens, he encouraged their immigration most ardently; and for this purpose repeatedly wrote letters to the *Boston Pilot* and other journals, in which he invited the people of the eastern states and the inhabitants of Europe to come west and make their homes in Iowa, at the same time setting forth the beauty and fertility of the country and the salubrity of its climate in just praise. In this manner he was the cause of a strong immigration of a useful class of citizens.

Although he showed so great a tact and energy in the development of the new country, he remained ever mindful of the spiritual wants of his people, doing missionary service himself like the humblest of his priests, and as a prudent general over his spiritual army, doing all in his power to send

a minister of proper address and acquirements to every post.

Of the levites from France, the Rev. M. Petiot was ordained priest in 1839, the others received orders January 5th, 1840, and were assigned important trusts. In the same year he secured the noble-hearted Rev. J. G. Alleman as the pioneer priest of Lee County, who, until 1850, visited the Germans in all parts of the state. Several more clergymen came to Iowa in the following year, and in 1847 Father Cretin brought another band of levites from France, whose number was augmented by several more who accompanied Bishop Loras hither from France in 1850, and some priests who came in the few years following, also including a band of seminarians who Father Emonds brought from Germany. Many of these venerable clergymen are yet active in the service, in which they have accomplished such wonderful progress, and all extol the life and works of Bishop Loras in the warmest words of praise.

In ministering to his people no partiality was manifested, and he cared for the American, German or Irish with as warm a generosity as he did for his own countrymen.

Another branch of his flock who shared his unbounded solicitude were the untutored savages of the various Indian tribes. In the winter of 1839-40 two Sioux savages were brought to Dubuque to act as professors of his seminarians in learning their language. Father Ravoux acquired their language, often preached to the Sioux in the most fervent manner, and made many converts. The same must be said of Fathers Galtier and Cretin amongst the Sioux and Winnebago. Father Pelamourgues was assigned as spiritual guardian over the Sacs and Foxes, but could accomplish nothing; yet he was willing enough to serve them, as we may know from the fact that he went all the way from Burlington to Agency City to bring the consolations of religion to a dying Indian, although he had to do so at the cost of a three days' arrest by the soldiers for trespassing the limits of the reservation.



The education of his people was a theme which always enlisted the warmest sympathies of the bishop. He bought property and opened a school at Dubuque in the first year of his residence. Shortly afterwards he organized St. Raphael's Academy for the higher education of boys and young men under charge of his priests. In 1840 he attempted to introduce the Sisters of Charity into Iowa, but failed; however, in 1843 he extended a second more successful invitation, and was not disappointed in securing in them a most powerful auxiliary in the education of the youth. In 1850 he brought to Iowa the Christian Brothers of Instruction, and aided them in establishing an institution on Mount Paradise, near Dubuque, hoping that they also would build up a strong corporation of instructors in Iowa. At the same time he formed plans for a higher college and seminary which, with a little more assistance some years later, he would have certainly raised to one of the leading institutions of the northwest. Whilst making all these strenuous efforts to place education on a good foundation, he encouraged the same even at the earliest days in every part of the state, asking the utmost aid of the clergy in this direction; and it is a fact that some of the first schools in the new settlements were taught by the pioneer missionaries as the first school teachers.

In all regards Bishop Loras was a fine mind and a great man, who gained the admiration and esteem of his fellow-men, and when therefore stricken down with disease, he died on February 19th, 1858, his loss was sincerely mourned by his own people and the entire community, not only of Dubuque, but of the entire state.

JOHN F. KEMPKER, Pastor.

Riverside, Washington County, Iowa, September, 1887.

## GEN. CURTIS.



HEN Iowa determines, as I hope that she will do soon, to send to the National Capital, to be placed in Statuary Hall, the marble or bronze representation of two of her worthy, early settlers, now dead, I hope that the name of Samuel R. Curtis may be fully considered. Few men ever rendered more honest and successful service to their country than did Gen. Curtis. In many respects Gen. Curtis was a remarkable man—a man of commanding appearance in size and deportment, of pure habits and full of self-confidence, of an amiable disposition. Ambitious, because he felt that he was competent to fill any position, without any of the qualities to capture the masses. His popularity was alone the respect of the people for his high moral character and honesty of purpose. His first canvass for Congress in the first district, then embracing more than half of the state, was a sort of accident. No one wanted the nomination against the Democratic candidate, the Democratic candidate being Judge Cole, late of the Supreme Court of Iowa, who, during the canvass, was unmerciful in his denunciation of the party in opposition to him. In Congress Curtis took a front rank from the start, and being a civil engineer and a railroad man, he made the great Pacific railroad his special hobby during his whole term in Congress, and was made chairman of the Pacific railroad committee. That was at a time when the public at large looked upon the scheme of building a railroad across the Rocky Mountains as the wild vagary of cranks. But a few years before, Rockwell, of Connecticut, a very able and influential member of Congress, was the chairman of a committee appointed by Congress to investigate and report on the different projects then before Congress for water-ways and a Pacific railroad to reach the Pacific coast. The report was lengthy and exhaustive on the different canal projects, with scarcely one page devoted to the proposed railroad project; reporting, first that the project for

building a railroad across the Rocky Mountains was *totally impracticable*, and secondly, that if it could be built the gross receipts of the road would not pay for the needed fuel to run the engines. But notwithstanding this report by an able committee of Congress, Curtis, by his untiring, intelligent energy, got his committee to report a bill for a Pacific road before he resigned his seat in Congress to enter the Union army; and the last act of his life was the signing of the report of the inspection of thirty-four miles of the Union Pacific road just built. At that time the building of the great Pacific road was an assured fact, a scheme that he had done so much to popularize and that had been and was so near his heart; a project that entitles the projectors and executors of the building of the road to the gratitude of the country.

Curtis was of Ohio birth, born February 7th, 1807, and graduated at West Point as engineer in 1831, and soon after resigned out of the army to engage in civil engineering on the National road, one of Henry Clay's great schemes to bind together the east and the new west before railroads were thought of, and as engineer-in-chief of the Muskingum slack-water improvement. During the Mexican war he commanded an Ohio regiment of volunteers with distinction. In 1847 he removed to Keokuk, Iowa, at a time when the people of Iowa were expecting to have all of her rivers improved, until steamboats could navigate them. At that time no man could be elected to the Legislature in Henry county that did not pledge himself to have the dams of Skunk river removed, that steamboats might navigate the river. Congress appropriated lands to slack-water the Des Moines river, and the commissioners in charge of the improvement, after long search for a suitable engineer, selected Col. Curtis on account of his success in damming the Muskingum. Curtis remained as engineer of the Des Moines river improvement up to the spring of 1850, when he was appointed city engineer of St. Louis. It is like reading a fable now to read of a whole people expecting to see the Des Moines, Skunk, Iowa and Cedar rivers navigable



for steamboats, but such was the case. But there was no effort made to dam any but the Des Moines, and all of these dams are gone and forgotten.

When Gen. Curtis was appointed city engineer of St. Louis by Mayor Kennett in 1850, there was a great deal of objection made to going from the city to get a carpet-bag engineer. Kennett was a resolute man and had been elected as a Whig. The city was in a pitiable condition. Bad engineering had created quite a lake in the upper part of the city. Then there was a pond in the southwest part of the city. The present union railroad depot is now located where the pond was then. There was an entire lack of street sewerage. There was not a quarter enough levee, even to accommodate the steamboat business, and the only part of the levee that a New Orleans boat could land at was in the very upper part of the city landing. At Market street, that for years was the main street of travel from the river, and where the ferry-boats landed, there was not three feet of water, at a low stage of the river. All this was bad enough for the city, but nothing compared to the danger of the channel of the river leaving the city and cutting through the soft, low bottom east of Bloody Island. The force of the Missouri river, where it emptied into the Mississippi above St. Louis, forced its way across the Mississippi and had cut away the bank on the Illinois side more than two miles, and was gradually working its way down and back of Bloody Island, until the channel east of Bloody Island was twenty feet deep at low water, and year by year increasing in width. For years St. Louis had been using every effort to prevent the great disaster of the river leaving the city. Engineers previously employed had recommended the building of a dike from the head of Bloody Island up the river to the Illinois shore, and this was attempted, and large expenditures were made in the work, but the town of Brooklyn had been located on the Illinois side, and the projectors were sanguine that it would be a great city when the river left St. Louis, and that city would not allow the St.

Louis people to build their dike to the Illinois shore, and at one time there was a good prospect of war. The Illinois authorities planted shotted cannon for the defence of the rights of their own town. This was the condition of St. Louis when Curtis was made engineer. Fortunately the mayor was of one of the old families, of great personal popularity, and perfectly fearless and careless about public sentiment, and he had a board of council and aldermen as determined as himself to improve the city, that fully sustained the engineer in all of his plans. Curtis at once adopted a complete system of sewerage for the city on a large scale. He ran a tunnel from the river twenty feet under ground, and drained the lake in the upper part of the city, and he then built a large sewer from the pond to the river in the south part of the city, draining that pond. By these two improvements he redeemed to the city two large tracts of land. He commenced building a wide levee for the steamboats, especially for the large boats. He abandoned the dike scheme from the upper end of Bloody Island to the Illinois shore, for preventing the river from cutting a channel east of Bloody Island, and commenced building a stone dike from the foot of Bloody Island towards the St. Louis side. The Missouri river had forced the current of the Mississippi across to the Illinois side. The current then rebounded and crossed over, striking the rocky shore in upper St. Louis, where the great bridge crosses the river now, and then rebounding, crossing back to the Illinois shore, below Bloody Island. There was at that time a small island, called Duncan's Island, across from and a little below Bloody Island, made by a large muddy slough in low water that cut into the lower part of the city and the river channel; and at the same time that Curtis commenced to dike out into the channel of the river from the lower end of Bloody Island, he commenced to dam the channel east of bloody Island by casting in sand from each side of the river. It took three years for the successful completion of the plans of the engineer. The building of the sewers and levees gave the laborers work, and they in

turn voted for the man that gave them work. The steamboat men—and at that time they were a great power politically in St. Louis—stood by the authorities that were building them a levee. The effect of the dike from the foot of Bloody Island was to change the channel to the St. Louis side, washing off most of Duncan's Island and giving a deep channel for all classes of boats along the whole front of the city. The slough in the lower part of the city was filled up, adding great wealth to that part of the city. In the mean time the sand dam was progressing, and when the dump on each side of the channel got so near each other that the current of the river washed away the sand as fast as dumped in, the engineer got thousands of Turk's Island salt sacks and filled them with sand and dumped them in the river until he raised his sand bank above high water mark, and he then macadamized the road-way, and the immense travel soon settled the road solid and the willow at once matted the embankment. It was then that the river channel was secure to St. Louis.

Gen. Curtis, after leaving St. Louis, was railroad engineer for a grand scheme of an air line road across Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, and thence across the Rocky Mountains to San Francisco, and while so engaged he was nominated for Congress in the first Iowa district and elected, and again elected in 1858 and 1860. He resigned his seat in Congress on the first call for troops, and was elected Colonel of the Second Iowa Infantry. The President, under the Seward prophecy that the rebellion would not last thirty days, called for seventy-five thousand three months' men. Iowa's quota being for three regiments, the first was mustered in for three months, but before the Iowa regiments were all mustered in, the Government changed the call to three years, and the second regiment was mustered in for three years; and within a few days after their muster in, Gen. Lyon, of St. Louis, telegraphed Col. Curtis, at Keokuk, that he had information that the rebels were organizing to take possession of the Hannibal & St. Joe railroad, and ordering Curtis to at once take possession of the

road with his regiment. The telegram was received in the afternoon, and in less than twenty-four hours after the date of the order, Curtis had full possession of the road from Hannibal to the Missouri river, and Major McKenny, the adjutant, had shot a rebel that showed fight, giving the rebels a taste of what was to come to guerrillas. At that time the Hannibal & St. Joe was the only railroad from the east to the Missouri river, over which all the supplies for Kansas, Nebraska and all west of the Missouri river had to be sent. This rapid movement of Curtis was of untold value to the Union cause, and that one day's delay would have lost the road and the rebels would have been in possession.

On the 17th of May, Curtis was appointed Brigadier-General and appointed by Fremont to organize a camp of instruction at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, rendering most important service. He afterwards commanded the "Army of the Southwest," spending eight months isolated from all other commands, and most of the time marching through the enemy's country, marching through Missouri and Arkansas and landing at Helena, on the Mississippi, July 14th, 1862, and during that time winning the great battle of Pea Ridge and many others of less importance, and surrounded and harrassed by guerrillas all the time of his march. Gen. Curtis was an anti-slavery, earnest commander, sympathizing fully with Fremont in his military orders, and knowing from the start that slavery was the weakest part of the rebellion, he, as far as he dared, under Halleck's orders, encouraged the slaves to escape from their masters. The result was that when he got to Helena he had an army of black followers, and he found another army of them in the town, who had come in from the adjoining plantations. These colored people had to be fed or they would starve. The country was full of cotton. The Government, under the English and French pressure for cotton, were using every effort to obtain cotton from the rebel states. There was a large cotton press in Helena, in perfect order, and Gen. Curtis met at Helena Dr. Guthrie, a man of



brains and character and experience as a cotton factor, who had grown up with Curtis as a boy. Guthrie, long before the rebellion, had settled in Memphis and entered into partnership as cotton factor with Gen. Pillow, and when the rebellion came on, Guthrie was glad to escape with his life, losing everything. Curtis put the Doctor in possession of the cotton press and set the Government teams to hauling cotton in from the plantations, for which Dr. Guthrie paid a fair and liberal price, and Gen. Curtis used the money to feed the contrabands. This proceeding was not according to Halleck's idea of military discipline.

Curtis had been made Major-General in March, 1862, and in September, 1862, he was placed in command of the department of the Missouri. He won the victories of "Cane Hill," "Old Fort," "Wayne," "Prairie Grove," "Springfield," "Hartsville," "Cape Girardeau," "Fort Smith," "Van Buren," and innumerable skirmishes, never losing a battle.

Gen. Curtis was, in January, 1864, placed in command of the department of Kansas, including all of his old command except the state of Missouri, a very important command. In the fall of that year Gen. Price, with a large rebel command, marched into Missouri and went at will over the state, making his way to Fort Leavenworth, where there was known to be immense supplies of all that his ragged soldiers and command needed. Gen. Curtis had but a few thousand regular troops and three or four hundred Kansas volunteers, but with this little army he fought Price's army in the hills back of Lexington and Kansas City. Curtis, with his little command, drove Price to the Arkansas river, fighting the battles of "Little Blue," "Big Blue," "Westport," "Marais des Cygnes," "Osage," "Charlot," and "Newtonia."

But my object is not to write up Gen. Curtis's military record, that is of official record, but to write of him as a man.

HAWKINS TAYLOR.

Washington, D. C.

## THE SPIRIT LAKE STOCKADE.

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N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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HAVE been furnished the following facts relative to the defense of Spirit Lake during the Indian troubles referred to in former sketches. They will serve to correct in a measure some slight errors, and be found worthy of a place in the archives of the HISTORICAL RECORD.

In the fall of 1861, Col. Sawyers was serving as First Lieutenant and Assistant Acting Quartermaster in the company of Capt. Millard, then stationed in squads in all the settlements from Sioux City to Spirit Lake, and affording ample protection to the settlers, which was verified by the fact that after this company was posted at these points, not one dollar's worth of property was lost through the hostile Indians. Sawyers was frequently passing along the line of posts. That his knowledge of Indian character and vigilance had much to do with the protection of life and property of the settlers, is a fact worthy of note. Headquarters were at Sioux City, and here the soldiers of the different posts were required to muster for pay and rations. It was on an occasion of this kind that the Spirit Lake troops under command of Sergeant Kingman were on their way to Sioux City. They halted on the bank of the Ochevedan river for lunch. They had not been there long when they discovered a camp of friendly Winnebagoes on a high bluff a short distance below them. The sight of these native Americans at once awakened the god of war in Peter Lodue, a member of the squad, who was not a little anxious to show his comrades how easy it was to clean out a whole camp of Indians. Accordingly, Peter took a six-shooter in each hand, and then said, "Now, boys, I'll go and clean them breech-clouts out." He went to the camp, where his hostile appearance excited no little interest among the now "good Ingins." Peter soon observed among them

two Sauntée Sioux, who were hostiles. Now that clean-out spirit that was burning in Peter like a Vesuvius when he left camp, rather "gin out," and in place of shooting bullets, he shot volleys of oaths, until the surroundings began to look blue, and ordered them at once to "*puckachee*" (leave) and never return, or he would kill the last one of them. His impressive manner caused them to at once decamp, and they were not again seen in that section of the state, while the troops occupied it.

The following month Sergeant Kingman was ordered to scout the country with his squad from Spirit Lake to Sioux Falls, and report at headquarters at Sioux City. This left Spirit Lake without a garrison during the interval. At this time Lieutenant Sawyers was in Sioux City. He says for some unaccountable reason he felt it deeply impressed upon his mind that he should go to Spirit Lake, and that it was his duty to go and go right away. He at once responded to the silent monitor, and went to the captain of his company and told him that it was necessary for him to go to Spirit Lake, and that an escort would be required. This the captain peremptorily refused, saying that he cared but little for those Spirit Lake people, as they had insulted and abused him. A brother officer told the Lieutenant that he must be d——d fond of riding over the long and dreary prairies to Spirit Lake. But notwithstanding all the opposition, Sawyers insisted upon his request, which was not granted until he stated that it was absolutely necessary for him to go in his capacity as quartermaster to secure forage for the soldiers' horses at that and the intervening posts. He was then granted a permit to go with an escort of four men. Preparations were at once begun for a start the following morning, at an early hour. Lieut. Sawyers, with as fine a team as was driven in northwestern Iowa, hooked on to a buck-board loaded with blankets and rations, was seen bounding up the Floyd river, and soon disappeared in the direction of Spirit Lake.

The day following they arrived at Spirit Lake, where they were received by the excited settlers with wild acclamation of joy. The news of the New Ulm massacre had reached the settlement and thrown the settlers into the wildest consternation. They had come in for several miles around and collected at the new brick court house which was partially inclosed. The windows were filled with heavy oak timbers, with port holes that seemed to speak defiance to the red foe. The commotion rivalled a bedlam. Men were cursing the Sioux City cavalry for not being on hand, others cursing the Indians; women were crying; children and cows bellowing; dogs fighting; and the general clatter of fortification work that was going on was truly exciting. Sawyers said it was a sight that will never be erased from his memory. A man from Belmont, Minn., had just arrived with his two little children, one under each arm, who said the children had been left for dead by the Indians, who attacked his family in his absence, killing his wife, and taking his two little children by the heels and beating their heads over the corner of the house, threw them down for dead in the door yard, where they were found in an insensible condition by the distracted father on his return. He took up the apparently lifeless bodies; placing one under each arm, he hastened as fast as possible to Jackson, a village about four miles distant, which he found deserted, the inhabitants having fled. This added a new and fearful pang to his distress, but parental love knows no bounds and no obstacle, however great, for it to battle. Determined, at his own peril, to save his almost lifeless darlings, he headed for Spirit Lake, eighteen miles distant, carrying as best he could the bruised and helpless bodies. After a journey of several hours of inexpressible hardship, he arrived in safety. The two children presented a most pitiable and sickening sight. Their faces were black with bruises, eyes swollen shut, and they were weak from exposure and exhaustion. Lieut. Sawyers said he "never witnessed such a sight before and trusted he never would be compelled to



again." Every care and attention was rendered the little unfortunates that the unfavorable circumstances would permit.

Early next morning Lieut. Sawyers dispatched two of his escort to Sioux City, with a dispatch to Capt. Millard, detailing the facts in particular, with a request that he would send without delay forty men and forty rifles out of a hundred rifles that were then stored in Sioux City, with which to arm the settlers, and in a measure quiet their fears. While waiting for a reply the Lieutenant, in order to relieve the fearful apprehensions of the women and children, announced his intention to scout the country around Spirit Lake. This proposition was regarded as both dangerous and fool-hardy. This, however, did not change his purpose. Mounting his best horse (Tom), with the two remaining men, he rode off. After traveling around the lake a distance of about twenty-two miles through willows and brush, making a careful search for signs of Indians, they returned and reported no signs of the enemy, which served to quiet the people much, and they settled down to a state of more apparent security. Sawyers now became apprehensive that Capt. Millard might not send the men and guns as requested, and concluded to start that evening to Sioux City and give the matter his personal attention, as it was all important to allay the fears of the excited people, if nothing more. When he made known his intention, Edwin Smeltzer, of Peterson, Clay County, who had been drawn there in the whirl of excitement, offered to accompany him.

They were soon aboard of the buck-board behind the Lieutenant's fleeting steeds, and flying over the prairie as upon the wings of the wind. They had not reached West Okoboji Lake when night began to drop her sable curtains over the face of nature and shut out every ray of light, thus retarding their progress and rendering it more difficult. To add to their discomfort, it began to rain furiously. Reaching Stony Ridge, a little further on, they concluded to camp for the night, or until the storm abated. Soon after they had

picketed their horses out, the animals became alarmed. Pulling up the picket pins, they sailed out in the darkness and storm, with picket pins rattling over the stones, the men, feeling that they were a forlorn hope. After the lapse of a few minutes, joy dispersed their fears, as they heard their stately steeds on their return. They came on full speed up to the men, as if for protection, and were easily caught. Without waiting to ascertain the cause of alarm, the horses were soon hitched to the buck-board, and our heroes were on their way, Lieut. Sawyers walking in front of the team, groping his way by the help of the wagon rut, which was now full of water and mud, Smeltzer following with the team. In this way they traveled for several hours, when they reached the Ocheyedan river, which was now swollen from the rain that had just fallen, and to cross it in the darkness that still enveloped them would be quite a hazardous undertaking, requiring nerve. After a few moments' consultation, the Lieutenant seated himself on the vehicle beside his comrade, and having full confidence in his noble team, he plunged in, and they were soon safe on the opposite bank. Day soon began to dawn, and better time was now made for a while, when one of the horses showed signs of lameness, but fortunately, as they ascended the summit of a hill near Peterson, they met the forty men sent for, under command of Sergeant Kingman, who informed them that Capt. Millard was then at Cherokee with the remainder of his company. Lieut. Sawyers ordered Kingman to push on as fast as it was possible for the team to travel that carried their supplies (which was under charge of I. C. Furber, a very excellent and trustworthy man, prominent among the frontiersmen), and relieve the people's apprehension of present danger.

Sawyers then drove to Peterson to the house of Mr. Kirchner, who usually entertained the traveling public, fed his team, and got a warm breakfast. Here Smeltzer left him. One of his horses showing signs of greater lameness, he secured a sulky, and putting his favorite Tom horse to it,

rolled out for Cherokee to consult with Capt. Millard. Parties passing over the road soon after declared that from the appearance of Tom's tracks, he made eighteen feet to a jump. Sawyers said he never believed that, but he knew Tom made wonderful good time. Arriving there, he found Capt. Millard somewhat nervous over the cursings that he was receiving from the excited settlers for not posting his whole company in six or eight settlements at the same time. Their inconsiderate action under the exciting circumstances was very annoying to the Captain, as well it might be, while he was making every reasonable effort to give protection, as far as his limited supply of troops would permit. Sawyers urged his request to arm the settlers of Spirit Lake out of the arms then stored in Sioux City, but this the Captain refused, for the reason that Spirit Lake was then supplied with troops, and the arms might be needed in other settlements where troops could not be posted, which was good policy.

After about three hours' consultation, Sawyers started for his command at the lake. He arrived at Peterson that evening, and after a good night's rest, which he was in great want of, by the dawn of day he was behind his steeds and rolling lakeward. Soon his lame horse began to limp, and he had forty-five or fifty miles to travel before reaching Spirit Lake. This added much to the solitude of the journey. He urged his team forward as rapidly as the condition of his horse would permit, and about night reached his journey's end, where he found the people still at the court house, and in as unsettled and excited a condition as when he left them. The presence of the troops had not relieved their fears or quieted them down. Sawyers picketed out his horses, and after supper rolled himself in his blankets under his buckboard for a night's rest. In the morning, after breakfast, he held a consultation with Judge Conkleton, Howe, Arthur, Barkman, Abbot and others. All were of the opinion that unless immediate steps were taken for permanent defense, the settlement would be broken up and disbanded. Lieut.



Sawyers then told them that if they desired he would build a stockade. This was assented to unanimously by the council. That a full expression of all the settlers might be had, a meeting was called at six o'clock P. M. of that day. There was no difficulty in obtaining a full and prompt attendance and transacting business without many preliminaries. As soon as they had congregated, Lieut. Sawyers, stating the object of the meeting, said, "All who are in favor of building a stockade fall in line along here" (designating the place); all were quickly in line; "those who are in favor of building around the court house step three paces to the front." A few stepped to the front. Sawyers was most decidedly in favor of building around the court house, and fearing a majority against him, did not stop to count or wait a moment, but said, "It is decided to build, and build round the court house." He then drew a paper from his pocket containing a list of names which he had collected during the day of all who had axes only, and detailed them to cut logs; those who had ox teams to haul the logs to the Okoboji saw-mill; four men who understood running the mill to do the sawing; those who had horse teams to haul the lumber to the court house; some of his soldiers to dig the trenches, while the others were daily scouting the country around for Indians; Judge Conkleton and Albert Howe to set up the stockade, and Alf. Arthur to procure forage for the horses.

Corporal Murray was detailed with a squad of men to visit each man the next morning and see that he was in the discharge of his duty as detailed. Some of the men wanted to argue the matter with the Lieutenant, but he emphatically refused, and told them that argument must be deferred until they were through with the work. Next morning Corporal Murray made inspection and reported all hands at work, except old man Ring, who was ringing out loud anathemas against the order. He was promptly put under arrest and brought before the Lieutenant. He said in defense that he had donated forty logs then at the mill and would do no more,



and that he was going to remove to Fort Dodge at once. Sawyers talked kindly to him and requested him to remain a few days longer, and then he could have his permission to go. The old gentleman went away somewhat pacified.

This gave rise to a rumor that soon spread over the country, that Lieut. Sawyers had proclaimed martial law at Spirit Lake and was ruling with a rod of iron. The facts were quite the reverse; his course was universally endorsed and he was greatly respected by all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### RECENT DEATHS.

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FATHER ADRIEN ROUQUETTE died at New Orleans, La., on the 15th of last July. He was born in Louisiana in 1812. Entering the Catholic Church while quite young, he devoted his life to the conversion of the Choctaw and other Indians of the Gulf States. Adopting the Indian name of Chatusma, he resided in an Indian settlement in Bayou Lacoume, La., sharing with the Indians their wild and rough lot, until a short time ago, when failing health, drove the Indian apostle to the shelter of the Hotel Dieu in New Orleans. He had a chapel in the Indian village of Bouachoua, but traveled from point to point, preaching in the open air in the several Indian languages, and thus gradually won all the savages to the Catholic Church and to civilized life. The Indians were devoted to him, their only and absolute ruler for years.

ASBURY D. PICKARD, born July 22d, 1816, a resident of Johnson County since 1838, died at his home at Windham, Johnson County, July 15th, 1887. Mr. Pickard had honorably filled a number of local public offices, including membership in the County Board of Supervisors, and in each position to which he was called was faithful and true to every trust. He was an honest, rugged, stalwart character, leaning neither to one side nor to the other, but pressing straight forward in the path of duty, as revealed to him by the light of conscience.

ROBERT HUTCHINSON, born in New Hampshire September 16th, 1814, died August 2d, 1887, at his home in Iowa City, the place of his residence for forty-eight years, and where he built the first log house. Ever since his advent in Iowa, Mr. Hutchinson had been one of the enterprising and leading business men of Iowa City. His character was a constant exposition of manly uprightness.

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#### NOTES.

THE fourth reunion of Crocker's Iowa Brigade—the 11th, 13th, 15th and 16th Iowa Volunteers, whose valorous deeds at Shiloh, Corinth, Iuka, Vicksburg and Atlanta are woven in the fast colors of history—was celebrated at Davenport on the 21st and 22d of September of this year. The grave dignity of statesman and scholar, the sweet graciousness of the best and most beautiful ladies, and the grizzled and limping veteran, were there, and with hand-shaking and embracing, song and story, toast, oration, and reminiscence, one hour was on the heels of another, and the time seemed all too short. Among the distinguished men present were: One United States Senator, the Hon. Wm. B. Allison; one member of the House of Representatives of Congress, the Hon. John H. Gear; one ex-United States Senator, the Hon. S. J. Kirkwood; two ex-cabinet officers, Gen. W. W. Belknap and Hon. S. J. Kirkwood; three ex-Governors, Kirkwood, Gear and Sherman; and one Colonel of the U. S. Army, Gen. Alexander Chambers, Colonel of the 17th U. S. Infantry. Of these Belknap, Sherman and Chambers had been officers in the brigade, and had shed their blood—Belknap, Sherman and Chambers at Shiloh, and Chambers again at Iuka. There were about six hundred of the wound-scarred warriors of the old brigade together, and when they parted it was with a pledge that, surviving, they should meet again in September, 1889, at Council Bluffs. The presence of no one was hailed with as much heartiness as that of Hon. S. J. Kirkwood, the old “War Governor”—the favorite of the brigade.